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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 25, 1902. NUMBER 17

For the New Year.

1. I WILL put a larger and worthier spirit into my work for every day.
2. I WILL seek enjoyment chiefly as a help to the higher ends of my living.
3. I WILL strive to realize Nature, Man, and God more intimately, for the "fitting of self to its sphere."
4. I WILL read at least one or two of the books the world has agreed to call great.
5. I WILL accept what life brings to me of misfortune without undue complaint, and will try to turn it into character.
6. I WILL give myself to some one noble aim, and will pursue it resolutely and with as few interruptions as may be.
7. I WILL thus endeavor to conquer my faults, not by trying to subject them one by one, but by lifting my whole life above the worst of them.

RICHARD WILSON BOYNTON.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and the crown is won.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Problems of the School the Hope of the State.

WE have printed the initial article in this series, "Public Schools the Schools for all Children", by Dr. Benjamin Andrews, President of the Nebraska State University, together with the article by John Dewey, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Education by Cancellation," and the article by Dr. C. H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, Harvard University, on "Ancient Religion and Ethics in the Public Schools." There are other articles already in hand from the pens of S. A. Forbes, Professor in the University of Illinois, on "How to Make the Farm Attractive to the Educated;" David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford University, on "The Future of Theological Seminaries;" W. H. Carruth, Professor in the Kansas State University, on "Elements of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools;" C. H. Toy, Professor in Harvard University, on "Ancient Religions and Ethics in the Public Schools." Other articles are forthcoming from W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, Chicago, on "Art as a Public Asset;" Prof. John Phillips, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Birmingham, Alabama, on "Ethics in Primary Education;" L. A. Sherman, Professor of English Literature in Nebraska State University, on "Literature as an Element of Primary Education;" Geo. E. Vincent, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Civic Loyalty;" Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Industrial School, on "The Relation of Hand to Brain in Education," and other writers on living topics in the pedagogical world.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902. NUMBER 17

December.

In fret-work of frost and spangle of snow
Unto his end the year doth wend;
And sadly for some the days did go,
And glad for some were beginning and end!
But—sad or glad—grieve not for his death,
Mournfully counting your measures of breath,
You, that, before the stars began,
Were seed of woman and promise of man.
You who are older than Aldebaran!
It was but a ring round about the sun,
One passing dance of the planets done;
One step of the Infinite Minuet
Which the great worlds pace, to a music set
By life immortal and love divine:
Whereof is struck, in your threescore and ten,
One chord of the harmony, fair and fine,
Of that which maketh us women and men!
In fret-work of frost and spangle of snow,
Sad or glad—let the old year go!

Edwin Arnold.

School Problem Series Article IV., by Prof. Carruth, of the University of Kansas, on "The Limits of Religious Instruction in School" is in type, but has been crowded out this issue by press of Christmas matter. It will appear next week.

Rev. E. Priestly Evans in the *Unitarian World,* of London, puts it well when he says: "Freedom is not the foundation of our religion, but religion is the foundation of fredom. Without such religion freedom is in danger of losing its life and vigor."

Our neighbor, Rabbi Schanfarber, of the *Reform Advocate,* takes Dr. Hillis to task for dwelling upon the commercial instincts of Abraham by showing how his bargaining with the Lord is capable of higher interpretation. But it is hardly worth while to carry personalities so far into the myth land of which Abraham is clearly a citizen.

In Norway the progressive leaven is working. A bishop who undertakes to defend the Lutheran doctrine writes a book entitled "Against the Stream." Alas! how many religionists are wasting their strength in "rowing against the stream" of tendencies that flows out of the heart of the Infinite God ever toward the larger truth and the more hospitable fellowship.

The lamented Frank Norris, the novelist whose short career awakened such expectations, though dead still speaketh. In an article in the current *Critic* he says: "The novelist today is the one who reaches the greatest audience. Right or wrong, the people turn to him the moment he speaks, and what he says they believe." On these premises his plea is well founded that the novelist should act fairly; that he should deal to the people truth and not lies.

Theodore Roosevelt has been invited to act the part of a Santa Claus Magnificent for 1902. In consenting to intercede between the great European powers and the little South American Republic, and to settle a money claim in the only way such claims can ever be settled, viz., by adjusting accounts and then arranging for payment, he will show the better way to all coming generations, and millions unborn will recognize him as a prophet of peace, an agent of humanity who helped dismantle the fortresses of the world and discount the value of murderous armament which is now the boasted but fictitious defense of nations.

For many years UNITY has entered its protest against the forest devastations represented by the awful slaughter of young pines, firs and spruces for Christmas-tree purposes. This year the *Philadelphia Press* offers a remedy by requiring every vender of Christmas trees to prove that the trees he offers for sale were raised for the purpose, and not cut from forest lands. The *Boston Transcript* calls attention to the terrible extravagance of the farmer who denudes his forest for a dollar a load. The trees when they reach the city cost the wholesale dealer about 4 cents apiece. The *Literary Digest* estimates that the farmer gets only about a half cent apiece for them. The word of wisdom now seems to be, not away with the Christmas tree, but on with the planting of pine for special use in the forestry of gladness.

We take the liberty this week of printing in full the Christmas message of Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, to workingmen. It is addressed primarily to the workers of the Acme Sucker Rod Company and the letter is touched with local color, but inasmuch as the pamphlet bears on its title page the added phrase, "And all others who care to read it," and, further, in view of the fact that the very local color has general application to the relation of employer and employe everywhere, we venture to reproduce it entire, believing that it deserves the widest publicity. Like the man who indited it, it is full of frankness, many-sidedness and big-heartedness. It ranges from dietary suggestions to profit-sharing. It is a prophecy in the realm of economics and, what is better, a prophecy that means business. It shows an attempt to do something. But more important than all this is the unconscious reflection of the brotherly feeling, the family relation that is possible between employer and employe when the employer is a man who has won the appellation of "Golden Rule" Jones. A beautiful tribute is this name even to the man who wears it as a nickname, given, perchance, at the outset in the spirit of ridicule.

"The Science of Toys" would not be a bad title for a most interesting work demanding much abstruse search and learned lore. We find in the *Literary Digest* an article on "The Religious Significance of Familiar Toys" based on the research of the curator of the archaeological museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The revelations of this man of science might be awe-inspiring in the nursery. We wonder if the child would enjoy the jumping jack more or less if he realized through pictorial demonstration that the modern plaything is a direct descendant of a sacred idol still used in New Zealand and elsewhere; that the baby's rattle was once a sacred implement of worship and still used as such on the plains of Tibet. The hobby horse is an image of what is used by the Sioux Indians in their war dance. "Top-time" and "marble-time" are representatives of religious festivals. Of course, all well regulated children now know that the Christmas tree is Druidic in its origin; that the Christmas festival itself is a descendant of a sun festival. China had its Candle Tree 247 B. C. These toys are none the less interesting as toys when they are made to teach the lesson of brotherhood and to illustrate the principles of unity.

The *Woman's Journal* for December 20 contains four columns of interesting reading—extracts from the reminiscences of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, of Boston. How pleasant it is to have these good people live long enough to write out their own memories! How rich in folk lore is Boston coming to be, with Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Livermore and Col. Higginson all telling in a delightful way the delightful things they remember. Mrs. Cheney remembers when the New England boys on the Fourth of July pooled their money, or rather pooled their rum in order to make at least one or two of the company tipsy for the credit of the company. She was a clever child because she could kindle an anthracite coal fire, for which she received a money reward from her progressive father. That little girl went to church, but she pricked her finger in order to have blood to write in the hymn book and thus break the tedious service. There is a tender story of Emerson's "hyacinthine boy" whose beauty and sweetness abide in the matchless "Threnody." She remembers the time when all the preachers of Buffalo "except the Unitarian" preached against the association for the advancement of women then in session in the city. Good for the Unitarian minister. Read the article, but better yet, read the book that you may have all the good stories at hand.

Discordant Notes.

Above all the fever of buying, the blessed strain of giving and the unblessed anxiety of getting, over all the kissing and the greeting, the angels' song of the New Testament legend is more real today than ever before; the poetry of the earlier century has been translated into a fact more or less universal in the twentieth century. "Peace on earth, good will to men," is a chorus that this week has been vocalized by human and angel voices around the globe. It is not possible to overestimate the significance of this Christmas chant of universal brotherhood.

On account of the far-reaching sweetness of this song every discord at this time becomes doubly discordant, and it becomes the revelations of this divine harmony to recognize the discord that it may the more promptly be eliminated.

The universal song of brotherhood makes high demands upon those who would sing it, and every expression of passion and narrowness impugns the sincerity of those who would chant the Christmas song.

Two such discordant notes break the harmony of the music that vibrates in our ears at this time: The first is the widespread discord of which we have repeatedly spoken and which is in the minds of all thoughtful carolers in Europe and America. We refer, of course, to the brutal impatience on the part of the two mighty (as they claim, the mightiest) powers of the earth and their hasty onslaught upon the poor, little, ragged and disheveled Republic of Venezuela. When Germany and England displayed their vandalism by sinking the impotent little ships of a bankrupt and distracted little people, they introduced a discordant note into the Christmas chants of the world.

Another discordant note of a more local character was heard in the atmosphere of Chicago last week, when, according to newspaper report, over 300 of the Chicago ministers gathered last week to organize in the name of their "Christ" a propaganda in the interest of virtue and civic righteousness, but started out in this propaganda with an effort on the part of some to exclude from organic co-operation the people to whom Jesus and Paul belonged, the representatives of the religion that made them and from which they and the other disciples and apostles did not willingly withdraw. When these friends of the Chicago pulpit would deliberately exclude from their organization Catholic, Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist and independent ministers, they gave encouragement and sympathy primarily to the bigot, saloon-keeper and the gambler. The former is being more solicitous for his dogma and his "ism" and salvation from hell fire in the next world than he is for the virtue, peace, honesty and salvation from hellish deeds and conditions of this world. The last-named classes know they have nothing to fear so long as they have to contend with a divided church and distracted workers for righteousness.

We are not blaming these brothers for living up to the best light that is given them; still less are we anxious to go where we are not wanted. Now, as always, we prefer to stay outside with the rejected rather than go on the inside with the rejecting, and we are assured that there is a large minority inside of orthodoxy who believe in the open door for all who are willing to enter.

We only grieve at the discordant note in the song of universal fellowship at this Christmas season that is heard wherever the spirit of exclusion prevails. This is peculiarly a ministerial discord. Many in their pews of such ministers have read Darwin and know Spencer

and delight in the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, and these people cannot be inspired to lend very cordial support to a ministry that is shy of those who represent a devotion and a faith consonant with those later revelations from on high.

This discordant note was the more sad because for Chicago it was reactionary. Two years ago a federation of religious workers was effected in Chicago on inclusive lines, and, as was said at the meeting, it did not work simply because the presence of the present avoided elements, the Jewish and liberal ministers, paralyzed the majority of the ministers, who were more solicitous about their party wall than they were about the central fire.

In the name of Christmas we wish this new organization high success, and in proportion to its success will it find itself in touch with all the forces that make for temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, and it will be willing to confess the larger brotherhood and to unite in the great world chorus—not a sectarian chorus—of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The Chicago Peace Society.

Last Sunday was set apart by the American Peace Society as a Peace Sunday and it was a fitting time for the recently organized Chicago Peace Society to give its first public meeting. It had previously asked all the ministers of Chicago not only to announce its meetings, but to make Peace a part of the Christmas message which they were to deliver to their churches last Sunday. Many ministers of all denominations took the suggestion and spoke upon this subject in one way or another.

The down-town meeting was held in the First Methodist Church, which was freely given to the Society, and was an impressive success. Notwithstanding dismal weather without and the pressure of Christmasing within, the auditorium was well filled, notably with a predominating masculine element. Dr. Thomas, the president of the new Society, presided. The opening address was made by Rev. Father Barry, Chancellor of the Catholic archdiocese of Chicago, who came as the representative of Bishop Muldoon. Rabbi Joseph Stolz spoke for the Jewish fellowship and emphasized the peace element in the ritual of the Jews. Jenkin Lloyd Jones spoke, as he said, for the constituency that belonged somewhere between Rome and Jerusalem, while the "Golden Rule" Mayor of Toledo made the leading address. We compile the following imperfect abstract of things said from the Monday papers. Mayor Jones said:

"Non-resistent men have been the winners through all history. Though I am a patriot, I would not send a son to be trained as a soldier. Soldiers are murderers. The recent coal strike brought great benefits to the country. Trusts are a natural economic development that cannot be checked."

Referring to the recent coal strike, Mr. Jones said: "Theodore Roosevelt as a man is greater than the government he represents. While the Government of the United States was unable to restore peace in the anthracite region, Roosevelt, not as President but as a man, suggested a rational way to settle the trouble. The man triumphed and the problem was solved.

"This strike taught us another lesson. From it we have learned that the Government is not supreme. Facing a grave catastrophe, the highest legal representative of our nation taught us that the Government could do nothing. Developments in the mining regions since then have shown the existence of conditions worse than those of Siberia, but the light of publicity has been let in and the conditions of the poor mine-workers are to be bettered."

Mayor Jones criticised some of the remarks made by Major General Young at a banquet in Cleveland Saturday night about the necessity of physical force for the prosperity of our country and of fighting to maintain the supremacy of our commerce.

"No one will accuse me of being unpatriotic," he said, "but I would not raise a boy to go into the army or the navy to support commerce of this kind. Is a soldier who kills for a living any better than a man who shoots his victim down in the street to secure money? To kill a man is murder.

"The curse of the soldier's life, and of the police, is idleness. The man of action is the man of worth. That is why I talk now less than formerly.

"As soon as we realize the idea of unity we are done with war, and we must also do away with partyism."

Rabbi Joseph Stolz told of the strong faith the Jewish people always have had in peace; that all their prayers contain petitions for peace, and the greeting of true Hebrews is always "Peace be with you. "It requires more moral strength," he said, "to keep peace than to make war. The existence of armies and navies is a continual temptation to make war. And it does not tend much to frighten off other nations. If a weak nation feels that it has a right to fight, the presence of strong armies or navies on the other side will not prevent it.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones said:

"It is time for the Christian nations to begin to practice or cease their talking. We make a great cry of 'brotherhood.' Let's put it into practice. The chief executive of our nation has been called upon to separate those undignified pugilists in one of the back alleys of the world. If President Roosevelt succeeds in bringing these people to an understanding, he will prove the noblest Santa Claus of 1902. How humiliating it is for those who pretend to be the followers of the Prince of Peace in this country to know that we have secretaries of war and of the navy, but have no secretary of labor, of education, or of commerce. We never can intimidate a country to peace. Every time we invest a dollar in the devil fighting machinery we retard peace.

"It is a shame to see two great boasted powers losing their tempers and taking a little ragamuffin from an alley, browbeating it, bulldozing it and sinking its little toy gunboats. Such spectacles will be stopped when we all put our shoulders together in the common struggle for peace. Then the navies will disappear and the forts will be converted into hospitals and schools, as they should be."

"The Belated Individualism of Dr. Hillis."

A CHRISTMAS REFLECTION.

It is a belated welcome that UNITY gives to Dr. A. A. Berle, who, a short time ago, entered upon the high responsibilities that gather around the pulpit of the Union Park Congregationalist Church, one of the most important churches in this city. Dr. Berle comes to Chicago from Boston. We were forewarned by mutual friends that what was Boston's loss would be Chicago's great gain; that we would find in Dr. Berle a man alive to the civic significance of the Gospel he undertakes to preach; a man who is alive to modern issues and who is alert to the new demands made upon the minister and upon the church by the awful but high and inspiring perplexities and problems that have come into the moral and spiritual life of man through the great aggregations of interests, energies and fortunes, made possible by the triumphs of electricity, steam and the diplomacy that is slowly supplanting war. We can give to our brother on the west side of Chicago no better welcome to our columns and no heartier introduction to our constituents than by printing below as much of his last Sunday sermon on the above topic as is made available to us through the columns of the Monday dailies.—EDITORS.

There is no better evidence of the change which has taken place in the religious world than that it should be appropriate at this particular time to take up the subject which occupies us today. On the eve of the Christmas festival a distinguished Brooklyn preacher travels a thousand miles to proclaim a theory of the relations of man to man which should not only have been obsolete within twenty-four hours after the emancipation proclamation, but is in such violence to the essential spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ that it makes the affirmation of the simplest truths of Christianity seem startling and new.

If after these many centuries of Christian teaching and exhortation this is to be accepted by the multitudes of non-Christian people and the unchurched masses as descriptive of the temper and spirit of the Christian churches, the outlook is dark indeed. But it is not descriptive of the attitude of the churches. It is wholly misrepresentative of the ministry of that gospel as represented by the vast body of her ministry of every name and creed in Christendom. It is one of those recrudescences of medieval thought which only served to show how far we have advanced in the social application of the gospel to the growing social needs of mankind.

There is no single great document upon which the American people place their approval, as illustrating the expression of the hopes and ideals of American life, which does not stand squarely across the pathway in which Dr. Hillis proposes to lead. On his theory the Declaration of Independence would never have been promulgated. The civil war would never have been fought. The emancipation proclamation would never have been written. The Gettysburg address would be an iridescent dream and we would be wallowing in the same sloughs of despondency from which these electric utterances awakened the world to newness of life and hope.

This is not even a true and rational individualism. It is the most hopeless paganism.

If we were to say what the distinctive note of the Christmas season is, should we not say that it is a note of union and brotherhood? What else did the chorus of the angels signify? And if we should attempt to vocalize, in a single sentence, the great curse and cross of the world, should we not say, disunion, taking the form of selfishness which made most men match themselves and their own self-interests against the common good? And if we were to give also in a single expression the value of the Christian gospel to mankind, would we not say that it had been in the progressive elimination of just this spirit? But does such a statement of the aim and the effect of Christianity at all accord with the individualistic ideal of the relations of men which Dr. Hillis proclaims, or does it seem to argue something different?

The very man whom Dr. Hillis selects to furnish him with his text was careful to announce the law, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." What Dr. Hillis selects as the law was merely a qualification. The qualification is there, and justly and appropriately there. But it nevertheless remains true that it is but a qualification. But examining St. Paul's own career, does one get the impression that he was a Hillis individualist? Or does one get the impression when one hears the passionate words of travail from his great soul, willing to be the offscouring of the world for the elect's sake, that Paul was rather thinking of the great masses of men whose burden he was called upon to bear? Why did not he accentuate the need for the development of the individual, who himself, peerless among his contemporaries, might well have argued that he was a Hebrew of Hebrews and an intellectual and social prince of Israel? But these he counted less that he might win Christ. The Christian ideal of losing the life has no place in Dr. Hillis' philosophy. His theory would have produced no Calvary. It would have produced no Christian church. It would have continued the heartless and sterile paganism with which Christianity stands in such magnificent and marvelous contrast.

It is not my purpose to defend unionism, but I do hold that the whole movement of the gospel is to produce just that very level of opportunity and that universality of worth which Dr. Hillis seems to deprecate.

Unionism has its errors, grave, serious and not to be overlooked. But the quest of human fellowship has had to fight human selfishness in many forms, and while the world is dependent upon an imperfect church for the ministry of its sacraments of religion, upon an imperfect ministry for the interpretation of its religious experience and an imperfect science for the discovery of the laws under which its development is to be carried on, it is folly, pure and simple, to dwell upon the fact of mere imperfectness of organization and method.

There need never be any fear that man shall ever be in bondage again. Freedom is a fact too large and too pervasive ever to be caught again and enchained for the uses of individuals and favored classes. And while there may be and will be more or less injustice, in the main it will still be true that the health of the social whole will be better and the moral and spiritual standards of society will be higher, for the fellowship and co-operative union of those similarly minded and similarly occupied.

Christianity is itself a huge spiritual union, rightly conceived. And this union is one of heart, fellowship and interest, which applies not merely to those things which can be tabulated, but the deeper things which cannot be expressed. We are to be a union in suffering and in joy. We are to be a union in hope and in faith. We are to be a union in philanthropy and helpful sacrifice. We are to remember everywhere and always that life is not a possession to be husbanded for the uplifting of mankind. Is not this the peculiar message of the Christmas time? Is it not this that makes us feel a certain exultant thrill that God's revelation of Christ was that supreme manifestation of his fatherhood, which links him forever with all his creatures in the world? Let us not be deceived. The deathknell of the man seeking his own selfish development, irrespective of what it has cost the world to bring him to his present condition, has already sounded. In the great maxim of St. Paul we are debtors! And the discharge of that debt lies in the spiritual and human federation of all souls for a nobler and a Christianized world.

A Christmas Message.

TO THE WORKINGMEN OF THE ACME SUCKER ROD COMPANY *and all Others Who Care For It.*

DEAR FRIENDS: My Christmas greeting comes to you this year again in the form of a booklet. For two years past, it has been a book, Letters of Love and Labor; this year I have been feeling very keenly the truth of Solomon's saying: "Of the making of books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh." For the further reason that in the two volumes of Letters of Love and Labor, I have expressed freely and fully my feelings, opinions and convictions upon the "labor question" and, indeed, the subject of social relation generally. I wish to avoid going over the same ground and repeating what I have already said in the two volumes referred to. If any among you have not received those and desire them, I have copies for you.

I think this Christmas of 1902 is the best that I ever saw. I feel that I have learned more in the last twelve-month than in any twelve-month of my life, and I believe that I am to learn still more in the coming year. When I wrote the first Christmas letter, eight years ago, I had a vague kind of belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and stated that I was for Christmas for all the people all of the time. Riper experience and more mature thought have deepened and made clearer those convictions of brotherhood so that today I feel that it is a scientific fact that it is absolutely impossible for me to know perfect happiness except as I shall, to the extent of my ability, put myself into just relation with my fellow-men. When I have done that, I can have a measure of peace or happiness, and every time that I take a step toward justice and every effort that I make to deal justly helps me to see clearer and understand better the nature of justice and the meaning of the Golden Rule; therefore, I get each time a larger and ever larger grasp on happiness, the goal for which the race is striving. I have a larger measure of happiness because of the consciousness that I have done my utmost to make happiness possible for all; but while I leave undone one thing that is in my power to do to enhance the real happiness of the least or lowest man or woman on the planet, my own claim to happiness is defective, and I shall be miserable and I ought, for the same law that entitles me to share in the happiness that I produce condemns me to share in the unhappiness for which I am responsible, whether it be caused by what I have either done or left undone.

And now comes the question, how to make a practical application of these principles to daily life; indeed, that thought has occupied my mind for years past, and the knowledge that I cannot be happy except as I am true to the highest and best impulses of my conscience accounts for whatever effort I have made in a social or political way of doing, that is out of the ordinary way.

My reason and conscience tell me that the spirit of good-will that we hear so much about at Christmas and the Golden Rule are both manifestations of the love principle. I have come to believe that love is a principle just as much as I believe in any principle in arithmetic; as I believe that two and two always make four, so I believe love always overcomes hatred, and hatred always makes more hatred. For that reason—not because I am a "goody-goody," for I am not, but because I know if I love others they will love me, I am learning to love all men, those in the penitentiaries and jails included. Anyone would rather have the love of the meanest man or even of a dog than to have their hatred. I know that men will not love me if I speak unkindly of them—nay, even if I think unkindly of them, and so I try to think loving thoughts of everyone.

I believe that everyone who reads this letter, at the bottom of his heart really wants to do right. Some of us may not know how as well as others, but let us thank God that under the influence of the Christ spirit we can learn how, and we can keep on learning forever and ever until we reach divine levels.

I must be plainer. I believe in the Christ spirit to such an extent that I am willing to say and put it down that if one strikes me on one cheek, I believe that I will act according to the Jesus plan and turn the other cheek; even if I should fail to do so, I still know that that is the right thing to do, and that is the only way in which the fighting, the war, the murder spirit will ever get out of the world. Let me say, too, that I see no difference between fighting or striking and the fighting spirit. If I call a man a vile name, I am just as guilty as though I had struck him in the face. The man is my brother. He is a part of myself, and any dirty epithet that I apply to another is literally applied to myself; and if there is such a thing as that my brother may be a "lower" creature than I and he shows his depravity by calling me vile names or strikes me and I attempt to meet him with the same sort of treatment, I certainly must admit that I am on the same level that he occupies.

I like the Christmas season. I like to see people happy even temporarily, and I have an unquenchable desire for a never-ending happiness that I know very well is yet to be realized. I long to have a share in the "peace on earth and goodwill toward men" that was the subject of the angelic song, heralding the birth of a Savior that should teach the world to give up hatred, force and violence, and to trust to love as the one agency through which men can be made better and happier.

Making money does not make happiness. Right or wrong, I have learned to believe that "making money" or owning property has little or nothing to do with the question of real happiness. Among my friends I know some noble souls who have millions and yet who are wretchedly unhappy; on the other hand, I have friends who are practically paupers, but who yet seem to know almost perfect happiness. Under the inspiration of the noble ideals that Jesus taught his disciples, a little company of the early Christians found peace and joy in *living the life or doing the things that Jesus taught.* No higher ideal has ever been given to the world than that held by these people of whom we are told in the fourth chapter of Acts, that "No man among them said that aught that he possesed was his own, neither was there any that lacked, but distribution was made unto each according as any had need." I am sure that any society, state or nation of people who would live in that sort of relation would be far nearer happiness than those people who are striving, warring, wrangling and fighting for possession of property can ever be.

We are told that distribution was made according as they had need. Now, what more ought any of us to have than that? If I have all that I need to eat, to drink, to wear, to see, hear and enjoy, why should I be ambitious to hold title-deeds to more property that I do not need? It is clear to me that I should not, and under the influence of the Christ spirit, the world is in due time to get over the greed for possession, the mania for owning things. We are to learn a scientific method of distributing to each according as he may need, and in a just social order one's needs will, of course, be limited by what he deserves.

Isaiah saw a society organized on that basis when, with prophetic vision, he looked out into the future and

wrote of the time when "they shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat." And so we are coming to see the absurdity and nonsense of owning a lot of stuff that we cannot use or enjoy. We are coming to understand that it is not a privilege; that it is a burden that many, many rich men, indeed, under the influence of an awakened conscience, are coming to feel is well-nigh intolerable. John Boyle O'Reilly saw it when he said:

> "I view not with pride but pity
> The burdens the rich endure,
> There is nothing sweet in the city
> But the patient lives of the poor."

Patience, sweetness, forbearance, forgiveness, kindness—these are the qualities for which the world is hungering today. " More of heart and less of head," that we may share in the perpetual Christmas for which the world longs.

The phrase, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men," indicates a state of mind that is realized by each one who lives up to his highest conceptions of justice; everyone, then, who is true to the Higher Self must be living in that tranquil state that the entire universe will know when all are living in just relation to each other. We do not need to wait for the coming of some far-off millennium or "good time;" the good time is here and now, today and every day, within easy reach of every soul as soon as we are fitted to enjoy it.

That is the meaning of the Christmas message, but there will be distress, misery and happiness in our lives until we learn to live true lives, loving lives; until we learn to live healthy lives, physically, mentally and spiritually. We are learning a lot in these days about dealing justly with our own bodies. We are learning to stop punishing them by putting medicine, whisky and other poisons into our stomachs. I have taken no medicine for nearly two years; I used to take something nearly all the time, and a good deal of the time I had sickness of one kind or another—asthma, rheumatism, lumbago, toothache, neuralgia, sour stomach, etc.; now, instead of taking medicine, I take lots of fresh air, sleep with windows wide open in all kinds of weather, get up at six o'clock, taken ten or fifteen minutes of lively exercise, cold bath, walk two miles to the shop, and I feel best when I do a few hours' real hard work. However, I keep busy until 11:30, when I have a good, keen hunger for the first meal of the day; I eat absolutely nothing before that. During the last two months, I have cut out meat, and I think I notice a marked improvement in my feelings since doing so. I am absolutely free from all the complaints mentioned, but you will understand that my health has not been restored by merely wishing for it. I have worked for it and the good health I enjoy is the recompense, the pay for the labor and care that I have bestowed upon my body. I have learned that the body is the dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit, as St. Paul says, and it is my joy and delight to keep the temple, the body, clean, well and strong.

I am not yet entirely well of catarrh, that I have had for thirty years, that caused an abscess to form in my bronchials and led to the severe sickness of last summer, from which, however, I made a complete recovery without a drop of medicine, by merely taking a four days' fast and following that up with plenty of work—real work—in the open air, and today I am in better health than I have been for twenty years, and I firmly believe that I shall be entirely well by pursuing the course that I have described, the main points of which I repeat: Eat moderately, two meals a day; no breakfast; sleep eight hours with open windows; rise early; ten or fifteen minutes' lively exercise stripped in a cold room; then active work or walking in the open air. Work, the body must have in order to get proper circulation of the blood, but exercise, mere hand-waving, bending, down-sitting and uprising are not sufficient; there should be exercise for every human being in the shape of useful work, and there is if only we will determine to have it. Those who are rich need not live idle lives and compel servants and poor people to do all their dirty work; they may do some of it for themselves if they choose, and by so doing get the recompense of good health that comes from exercise that cannot be bought with money.

Some of the poor overwork, but very few. I am satisfied that with right thinking, proper living, especially proper eating, there is hardly one working-man in a thousand who is overworked. It is almost impossible to overwork a thoroughly healthy body.

I lately learned from the children a very important lesson on the value of air. You know Jesus said that "Except ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven" (Harmony). I notice that children are ever longing to be in the open air, out-of-doors. "Mamma, may I go out doors?" is the pathetic request of thousands upon thousands of little children, doomed by loving but uninformed parents to imprisonment in the house when their natural element is as certainly in the open air as is the natural element of the fish in the open river or lake. A fish can live in an aquarium, a bird can live in a cage, but no one would attempt to say that this was the natural element for either. Just so little children can live shut up in rooms, but their natural element is the open air as certainly as it is that of the bird, and they never get over their longing for it until, through wrong training that comes with so-called education and refinement, the natural instinct is stifled or suppressed. Jesus tells us to become like little children; but instead we make every effort to make the children unnatural like ourselves. The little souls know that they want air; they want to live and they know instinctively that the air that is shut up in the houses where they are compelled to stay will not feed their little bodies, and that is the reason why every child has a natural longing for the open air.

Help hurry the Christmas along by letting the children live out-of-doors and out of clothes as much as possible.

At this Christmas we take another step forward, seeking to extend the responsibility of ownership of the property of this company among those who are helping to do the work. Following our usual custom, we divide to each one who has been a year or more with the company five per cent. on the amount that has been paid in wages during the year. This wages dividend is averaged so that each one gets the same amount; there is no aristocracy in this division.

I long to see the day when workingmen everywhere who are helping to do the work in workshop, in factory, on the farms, in the mills, on the railroads and, indeed, throughout all industry will also help to own the property where they work. By that I mean that when a man takes a partner into his business, that partner divides with him the responsibility of owning the property of the company. That is just what we want with this company—eventually every man in it to become a shareholder, a partner, and help carry the burden as well as to enjoy (?) the privileges (?) of ownership. There are many people who have yet to learn that ownership of property is not an unmixed blessing. A friend, who is a millionaire and who is trying hard to know what to do with his possessions,

said to me lately, "My property has always been my evil genius."

I believe that the real solution of the "trust question," the settlement of the "labor question" lies in that direction. So long as great mills and factories and shops were held under a system of individual ownership or owned by a few partners, it was hard to see how workingmen could become owners; but now that the ownership of the great properties of the country is represented in small shares of stock, the idea is entirely feasible; and I predict that the day is not far distant when a working man will be ashamed not to be a part owner of the factory, shop or mill where he is employed.

To facilitate the carrying out of that thought, we are now making a change in our business organization. The company was started originally to make sucker rods. Its business has expanded until today sucker rods are only one of many products that we make. At that time, a successful iron sucker rod was an unknown thing and the Acme rod that we manufacture proved to be the first successful iron sucker rod ever put upon the market. It is so well established now that it is no longer necessary that the name should be attached to the business, and many of my associates feel that my name should be more closely identified with it, and that may be true. At any rate, we have decided that the firm name shall be changed to THE S. M. JONES COMPANY.

If any of you desire to become shareholders, you may exchange your dividend checks and get their value in the stock of the new company, and to insure you against loss the company agrees to take any man's stock, if he desires to dispose of it, and pay him what it cost, together with six per cent interest; further, let me say that if any desire to sell their stock at any time, we expect, as a matter of course, that he will offer it to the company, and I think the company will always be ready to buy it at its full value rather than to let it get into the hands of outsiders.

We propose in real earnest to make the best effort we can to get every man connected with this work to become a stockholder in it and to finally *be more interested in what is coming to him as dividends than he is in what is coming to him as wages;* and you can readily see that if the institution becomes truly co-operative, some day we shall learn how to divide the entire earnings on a basis of justice so that each man will get his exact dues. When we reach that point, you can see that the arbitrary dividend of five per cent that we are now paying on wages will cease, for with the earnings of the business divided on a basis of exact justice, each one will have his share and there will be nothing left to divide.

There will be no such relation as employer and employee, for each one will be working for himself, or perhaps the better way will be to say that he is working for *the good of all.* We are always glad at any time to talk over the plans in the fullest manner with any of you who feel interested in the subject; and I hope the management may always be so intelligent that it will welcome suggestions of improved ways of doing the work, as well as methods of improving the social conditions of the members of the company, whether they work in the office or the shop.

And now in conclusion, I wish you all a happy Christmas, and express the hope that you may have the joy of devoting your lives to the bringing about of a condition of social justice that will really give us a Christmas for all the people all the time. With such conditions then everyone who is willing to work will have a right to live and to live a beautiful life. No one will be despised because his hands are hard or because he is poor. I fancy the Carpenter of Nazareth had hard hands when He worked at His trade, and that He was poor we know for "He had not where to lay His head."

Then we shall understand that work in the kitchen is more noble than idleness in the parlor; then the only aristocracy will be an aristocracy of those who work, and, of course, that will be everyone, for we shall understand that an idle life is a useless life and no one will want to be useless—indeed, no one would now if he knew the penalty he pays for idleness and uselessness.

We are moving steadily forward toward a universal Christmas when we shall fully understand that in calling God our Father we are calling every human being on the planet our brother. Then the song of "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men" will be taken up and echoed and re-echoed around the globe without a single discordant or jarring note. The harmony will be perfect, heaven for which we long, will be realized here and on this earth.

Cruel war will then be over
And the olive branch of peace
Will from shame of hate and murder
Bring to all a sweet release.

Ever growing,
Swiftly flowing,
Like a mighty river,
Sweeping on from shore to shore,
Love will rule the wide world o'er.

Faithfully yours,
SAMUEL M. JONES,
For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., Dec. 25, 1902.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notes.

We have received from our friend Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Toronto, a small volume—the last that he has contributed to our philosophical and religious literature. The title is "The Spark in the Clod." It is his contribution to the literature of Evolution. He undertakes "a rational application of accepted facts of science to the world of religious ideas." The book fits well to my own "Our Heredity From God."

I am exceedingly glad to get this book, not only for its intrinsic merit, but for the high esteem with which I hold the author. Mr. Sunderland has done some of the most honest work for liberal thought, as well as for Unitarianism, that has been done in the Americas. Mr. Sunderland's "Six Lectures on Religion and Evolution" have been printed, and have been for some time on sale at twenty-five cents a copy. Most of the readers of UNITY are acquainted with his book, "The Bible, Its Origin, Growth and Character"—a sterling work in every way.

* * *

From the Century Company I am in receipt of one of the few books of the season that *ought* to have been printed. It is a little book that one can slip in his pocket, or read at a sitting. It is gotten up in the very finest art; and the illustrations are exquisite. I am referring to "Napoleon Jackson, the Gentleman of Plush Rocker," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. This is the story of Rose Ann, who has in charge a gentleman husband, Mr. Napoleon Jackson, Esq. I know that no sort of criticism can in any way show to my readers how delicious this book is. Its understanding of the negro character; its delicate and sustained humor; its penetrating pathos; its sympathy with labor, are only a few of the features that I should like to illustrate. Every character in it is as near perfect

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XI.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS' CHIVALRY.

Proverbs or Verses.

"There are soldiers of the plow as well as soldiers of the sword."

"Do you ask me in general, what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, 'Victory.' But if you ask me in particular, I answer, 'Death.'"—*Savonarola.*

"Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they are done to us, to suffer them is valor, too."
"When Duty whispers low: 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"—*Emerson.*

"Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses
All we should be capable of doing before the world."
—*Rochefoucauld.*

"True valor knows as well how to suffer as to act."

"When valor preys on reason it eats the sword it fights with."

Dialogue.

If you heard it said of a person: "He is a soldierly man," what would you understand by it?

"Oh," you say, "perhaps it implied that the man at one time had been a soldier. Or possibly it meant that he is a soldier now." But would that be the only suggestion? Could there be any sense in the words if the man never had been in the army?

"Yes," you admit, "it might indicate that the man had soldierly qualities." Fighting, do you think? Would you assume that he was a person fond of quarreling? "No, not quite that," you reply, "it asserts rather that he would make a good soldier if he *had* to be one, or if ever he were to join the army."

That he could make a good, ready-made soldier without drill, do you say? "O, no, not that," you reply. "it means that he has certain characteristics which in a real soldier would make a very good one."

Can you explain to me further what it all implies, this idea of being a soldier in time of peace and without uniform? You insist that it does not necessarily make one think of a fighting person. Could a man be soldierly if he had no fight in him at all, if he could not "push" or be vigorous at certain times?

"Oh, no," you assure me. "But there are other forms of fighting besides that in war," you suggest.

In what way, then, could a man show a soldierly, fighting spirit, without wearing a uniform or carrying a musket? "In politics, for example," you say. And would that mean striking men or beating them in any way? "No," you add, "only trying to make his side win."

Then you believe, do you, that it is the part of a true soldier in peace to fight for one's side in politics? "Yes," you assert, "if it is on the right side."

You think that a man could not be a true soldier in peace and be on the wrong side? "No," you insist, "although he might be a good fighter." But what would be the trouble in such a man. He might have courage, endurance, promptness, knowledge—just those qualities that we described as being characteristic of a good soldier. Then why would he not be a true one, as well?

"Because," you point out, "the motives also count, and he must have good motives." You are convinced that if he knows he is in the wrong he cannot have true motives as a fighter? Yes, I agree with you.

But how else, for instance, could a man show a soldierly spirit even if he carried no musket or had no uniform? In what way besides in politics? "Oh," you exclaim, "he might stand up for a person who had been wronged." By what means? Should he strike the man who is doing the wrong?

"No, not that," you reply. "He could help the man defend himself by the law in the courts, perhaps; or try to protect him."

But suppose that nothing could be done through the courts. What if a man is being wronged in such a way that the law cannot help him. Suppose he is being attacked by false statements which are being made about him, and his reputation being injured in that way. How could the true soldier show the right spirit as a fighter?

"Why," you continue, "he could stand up for the man, take his side, deny the charges, show a friendly spirit toward him, let other people see that he was on that man's side."

Does this take courage, do you say? "Yes, indeed, any amount of it." Why? I ask. What courage should it require just to stand up for another man? It does not injure one's life or property.

"True," you answer, "but to uphold an unpopular man may make a person also unpopular, and so one may have to bear some of the charges the other man has to bear."

Does it ever happen, for instance, that a boy or girl in school may become unpopular among the others, and yet be a really good, fine boy or girl, so that the unpopularity is not fair or right? "Yes," you continue, "that might occur."

But if so, would it be perfectly easy to take his side? "Not exactly," you admit. Why not? "Oh, because it would make other boys or girls laugh at us. It would make us unpopular, too."

Then it may call for a man with truly soldierly qualities ,to stand up for an unpopular person and defend him? I certainly believe you are right. Oftentimes it requires the greatest amount of courage to be just and true toward people who are unpopular.

But what about people who are in distress? Do you see any way by which a man could show himself soldierly on such occasions? "Why, yes," you add, "he might help or protect the person in distress." You think that if a man had lost all his money, and his family were in need, that it would be showing a soldierly characteristic to go and assist the family or to manifest a spirit of sympathy?

By the way, did you ever hear the word "chivalry?" What does it mean? "Yes," you answer, "it applied to soldiers who used to wear armor and rode on horseback and fought one another with swords and lances."

And what did they call such soldiers in the days of chivalry who used to fight in that fashion. "Knights?" Did they fight with guns, do you suppose, with revolvers, with rifles? "No," you say, "more often with swords." Then do you imply that any soldier who wore armor and fought on horseback with such weapons, would be truly chivalrous or represent chivalry?

What if he were a splendid fighter and displayed any amount of courage, but were discourteous to women. Would that be chivalry? "Oh, no," you assert, "he would not have been a true knight if he had been discourteous to women."

Then being chivalrous meant sometimes more than fighting on horseback and wearing armor; it implied being courteous, respectful or reverent toward women? But what else? Suppose a soldier were a splendid fighter, very brave and strong. But what if he should happen to see a lame man and to shove him aside out of the way? Would that be chivalry?

"Not by any means," you answer. But why? again I ask.

"Oh, well," you add, "it would be mean, unworthy of the true soldier to treat a man in that way, who had an infirmity." Then being chivalrous meant also showing respect for the weak or unfortunate, did it?

Does not this imply that there could be chivalry now-a-days just as much as hundreds of years ago; that a

man might show the spirit of chivalry if there were no more war, or if he did not wear armor or uniform?

As a soldier he could protect the unfortunate, show respect for the weak or infirm, have regard and reverence for women. He could fight for those who were in trouble and stand up for the unpopular man. He could do all this, could he, in time of peace?

If that is true, perhaps we might be glad to have peace soldiers as well as war soldiers.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That a man can have a true soldierly spirit without being in the army or fighting in war.

II. That the true soldier is the man who fights for the right, even when there is no glory in it—putting the same energy in such effort that other men may put into real bloodshed or war.

III. That a soldier must have right motives, else he is not a true soldier—and so also of the man with the soldierly spirit.

IV. That being soldierly may mean standing up for the man who has been wronged—taking the side of persons who have made themselves unpopular by doing what is right.

V. That to be soldierly in spirit means displaying chivalry and obeying the principles of chivalry.

VI. That chivalry implies taking the side of the weak or infirm, showing peculiar respect to those less strong than one's self, and in the third place paying a high regard to woman.

A Story—The Dumb King.

POEMS: THE RICHEST PRINCE.

"In a country, round which many an ingenious legend clings, in days long past, ere power and wisdom were forever at dagger's points, there reigned a glorious king, who had won the love of his entire people. But this sovereign was suffering from a most grievous affliction. His subjects could obtain from him whatever redounded to the welfare of the country—every blessing that emanates from good laws, every new production which the rapid progress of the epoch made desirable, every vigorous and efficient mode of defense to insure peace and independence. Speech only none could elicit from the king—for he was born dumb. Through his wise counselors he spoke to the people instructively, persuasively. Strongly and simply he spoke by his actions; kindly, lovingly by beneficent laws; trumphant, superior, he spoke by the power of his personality. Only by word of mouth he never spoke—for nature had placed an infrangible seal upon his lips. Again and again the people sorrowed for this fatality, and everywhere the wail went up: 'What might we not hear from this wise monarch if speech were not denied him? How his words would illumine the heights and depths of life! What an immeasurable treasure of great thoughts is lost us through his silence!'

"But whenever the king was told of such sorrowing, and whenever his loved ones pityingly expressed their grief to him, his only answer was a singular smile, radiant with sunshine, as though the sovereign felt as a blessing the very thing others bewailed as his martyrdom. And it almost seemed as if he did not require speech to be understood at all. When the assembled diet thanked him for his good works he answered by a glad lighting up of the eyes. When the courtiers attempted to flatter him a curt movement of the hand bade them be silent. When they sought to rouse wrath in him against those who held views opposed to his own he only responded by a careless shake of the head. The people gradually grew accustomed to hang listening upon his dumb lips, and never once did a deplorable misunderstanding arise between this sovereign and his subjects. His very silence seemed to surround him with a twofold majesty, and something of sacred mystery was wrapped round about his throne.

"Thus the King ruled over his country many years, and all the human germs which lay buried in his people sprouted to life and bloomed under his blessed hands. When at last he was lowered into a tomb, upon which many genuine tears flowed, and his son succeeded him, the chancellor of the realm delivered to the heir of the throne a parchment whereon the King had inscribed his last will and testament, and these words were in the document: 'You have often lamented with sorrowing compassion, my much-beloved son, that nature denied me speech. Today let me confess to you that I have come to consider as the pride and happiness of my life that which to you appeared as a heavy misfortune. Soundless and inaudible as a divinity hovering over the clouds must the majesty of the King hover over his people. In hot speech, born of the moment, much inner fire escapes, even as smoke escapes from the chimney. Silence has a sort of concentrative power. It seems to condense the strength of resolution. For this reason chariness in words has always been an attribute of greatness. The lip locked, the ears open, that is the way to justice. And not sharp speech, but acute hearing, seems to be the pre-eminent virtue of a sovereign. His lips were mute, but his deeds were eloquent. Oh, strive, my much-beloved son, that the wise men of the land may pronounce such words over thy grave.'

"Thus read the last will of the dumb King. These words did not remain unknown. They spread from country to country; from throne to throne; they warned the aged; they convinced the young. And this is the reason why since then great kings seldom speak." OSCAR BLUMENTHAL.

Translated by Thekla Bernays.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—An unlimited opportunity is offered in this lesson for discussion and illustration. The lesson could be lengthened out by talking about "Knights" in the days of chivalry; what kind of men they were, the armor they wore, how they used to fight—also showing pictures of the subject. The children could be asked whether they knew anything about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Some incidents connected with that story could be introduced. But the main point of it all should be to make the children feel that chivalry not only pertained to those days, but that the spirit of it ought to be preserved and maintained at the present time. It is a beautiful word, chivalry, and one that boys and girls should appreciate. Perhaps the tables could be turned and the girls asked in what way they could be chivalrous, or in what way they might show themselves *unworthy* of being treated in a chivalrous spirit. Make it plain that girls have their work to do as well as boys, in chivalry. The point with regard to standing up for the unpopular person can be brought home to the girls by suggesting how they can show courage in being helpful under such circumstances. If the teacher wishes to use a biography, he might introduce something concerning the life of Prince Albert, the husband of the late Queen Victoria of England. One could dwell on the fine qualities of chivalry this man exhibited, the peculiar delicacy and difficulty of his position, the soldierly qualities he displayed in the arts of peace, and what he did in arranging for the first great World's Fair ever held, in the Crystal Palace at London. If the photograph is also available, the teacher could introduce a picture of the Albert Memorial Monument in London, describing how this monument was erected in honor of that Prince, who had shown such fine soldierly qualities in civil life and lived up to the principles of chivalry in the arts of peace. It is significant that this should have been done in honor of his memory, this great monument erected, as if he had been one of the great soldiers or warriors of England. The older pupils would be interested perhaps, in having their attention called to the fact that Tennyson should have dedicated his "Idyls of the King" to Prince Albert.

Mother Nature's Welcome.

How hospitable Nature puts forth all her best for the reception of these little immigrants from the invisible as they look upon our foreign shore!

"It is a world of love," she tells them, and for a time they find it so.

Only, as we grow older, she seems to become disappointed in us, and weans us from her and her primal loving purpose;

But she is never discouraged, and she turns with the same extended hand and the same warm, miraculous welcome to the ever-arriving host of little wanderers.

Dear Nature, I have well observed your friendliness to the stranger, and, knowing you as I do, how can I fear the voyage which you will call upon me to make into the great Unknown?

I am satisfied that I shall find you there, even as I found you here, awaiting me with motherly, outstretched arms.—*Ernest Crosby. From "Swords and Plowshares."*

as wit and literary skill can draw them. Don't fail to read "Napoleon Jackson."

* * *

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have seen fit to reprint one of the books of Helen Hunt Jackson. I am confident that anyone who reads this volume, "Glimpses of California and the Missions," will be glad that it was published. It is a book that ought to live; and I think will be republished again in another quarter of a century. The chapters were first published in 1883, in connection with other articles. We have few writers who have been better capable of describing nature than this authoress. I think it is largely on this account that her books live. Ours is an age of nature study, and nature study books touch the passion of the age. But the name Helen Hunt Jackson will always go as synonymous with philanthropy of a special sort. No one ever understood better the woes and wrongs of the American Indians. No one ever plead more truthfully and nobly for the despised race. Be sure that you will not regret buying this book; for it is full from beginning to end of just that literature which you like to have on the family table.

* * *

A capital book lies on the table from my friend, D. C. Heath, the Boston publisher. I am always glad to get books from this firm, because I know that their work is honest. The book in hand is a "Laboratory Guide for Beginners in Zoology," by C. M. Weed and R. W. Crossman. The work that they have undertaken is about the hardest job in the whole field of school bookmaking. The problem is to lay a distinct, and yet vital, outline study of the whole of animal life before school pupils. It is necessary to follow the line of evolution, which, however, has some disadvantages; and at the same time the field is so large that it is nearly impossible to compress it into a text-book, without squeezing all the juice out of it. I think the authors have made this little handbook about as thoroughly a live study as it was possible—in other words, the book is a success. It is full of those hints to pupils that set them to studying, rather than jammed with facts which the pupil is expected to commit to memory.

* * *

From Harper Bros. I am in receipt of a boy's book from the pen of W. D. Howells, entitled "The Flight of Pony Baker." I have looked through this book very carefully; and, as one that knows boys very well, I must say that I cannot discover any reason why the book should have ever been written or published. It is a wretched travesty on any sort of boy life that is conceivable in a decent neighborhood. It is a travesty on family life as well. There is nothing in the book to awaken manly sentiment; but there is a sneer at a very good sort of a mother. The humor is of a literary sort; but I am bound to say that it can easily be in excess of a reasonable demand. I wish that all books of this sort could be obliterated, together with those other books, quite too common, which picture the country boy working his way "upward," into city life; and out of a decent and industrious home into millionaireism. The time has about come when we ought to teach the glory of doing nobly what our hands find to do, with no other compensation than that of being able to do the right, and to do the good. The only ambition for an American boy is not to roll in wealth, or to make a splurge in the world; but to be faithful with all his faculties.

* * *

I have three books from D. Appleton & Co. The first of these is "Animal Life," from the pen of David Starr Johnson and Prof. Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University. This is one of the almost perfect books; both as a text-book for schools and as a home book for intelligent boys and girls. It is an elementary account of animals, and their relations to each other. The object of the authors is stated to be to enable the students "to understand how naturally and inevitably all animal forms, habit and life are adapted to the varied circumstances and conditions of animal existence." The authors think that this should constitute a most fascinating study. "The greatest facts of life, except that of life itself, are seen in the marvelously perfect methods which Nature has adopted in the structure and habits of animals. The veriest beginner can be, and ought to be, an independent observer and thinker." The book must necessarily be a grand stimulant to a young mind to investigate for itself. That evidently is the object of the authors. I am going to study the book myself. It is a model. Then right beside it lies Frank M. Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America." Here is another ideal book. The illustrations are ideal; and the text is made delightful by interspersed passages and stories, that make it as attractive as any nature book I ever saw. It is an effort to make ornithology so simple that anybody can study it by himself. The author proposes to enable us to identify all the birds around us; and so to become acquainted with them that their songs will be turned into language that will mean a great deal to us. Farm life will be a new life when all the animals are studied by the help of Jordan and Kellogg, and all the birds are heard by the aid of Chapman. The third volume from the Appletons' is "Animals Before Man in North America—Their Lives and Times;" by Frederick A. Lucas, Curator of Comparative Anatomy in the United States National Museum. Mr. Lucas has every advantage for doing a very useful piece of work; and he has done it. I do not know of any other volume that approaches this one, in summing up the knowledge that has been acquired concerning animals before man on this continent, in such a way as to make it readable and popular. Those who cannot work through the volumes of Cope and Marsh will find something here that they can comprehend. I am interested in noting that the author on page 223 does full justice to Prof. Cope's prophecy, to the effect that the primitive types of all our hoofed animals would be a creature having five toes, with plantigrade feet and tubercular teeth. No such animal was known when Prof. Cope made this announcement; but only six years later a complete skeleton was discovered—the skeleton of the ancestor of all our hoofed mammals. The book is a capital success in placing present knowledge before the public; and in not overloading information with scientific terms. These three books from the Appletons are worthy of the highest commendation, and a place near your right hand.

E. P. Powell.

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

—*Washington Gladden.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—O Christmas stars! your pregnant stillness leads on tonight.

MON.—We hear, if we attend, a singing in the sky;
But feel no fear, knowing that God is always nigh.

TUES.—Childhood shall be forever on the earth;
Henceforth all things fulfill protection to each sacred birth.

WED.—Motherhood is priced of God,
At price no man may dare to lessen, or misunderstand.

THURS.—If we mistake, God is divine.

FRI.—Now comes, triumphant, God's full day.

SAT.—No doubt, on all your golden shores, O stars,
Full music rings of happiness as sweet as ours.
Helen Hunt Jackson.

Christmas Morn.

How many Christs are born today,
How many mothers prophet-wise
Are gazing into baby eyes,
In whose clear depths they thoughtful see
All they may ever see, or we
Of God—incarnate Deity.
Madonnas hallow every home,
O'er every roof where babies are
Shines high and pure a guiding star,
And mother hearts do always hear
Divinest music ringing clear.
And peace and love, good will on earth
Are born with every's baby's birth.
—Anna H. Frost, in "The Kindergarten."

Did Not Forget.

There lived in Auburn, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a clergyman, an intimate friend of my grandmother. This gentleman owned an exceedingly beautiful, fleet and graceful sorrel mare, which bore the classic name of Diana. She was the admiration of the town and the pride of the clergyman's family. But alas! one dark and stormy night the barn was boldly entered, and the beautiful Diana stolen from her stall. All efforts to discover the clever thief, though long and perseveringly continued, were useless. At last the family sorrowfully abandoned hope; another but inferior horse was purchased, to which, by the way, the children would not allow the occupancy of the old stall of their pet, for that, with everything else that belonged to her, they insisted on keeping sacred to her memory.

Nearly twenty years had passed, the clergyman's hair had grown white with age, and his children had become young men and women, when he chanced one autumn to be called on business to a remote part of the state. Having an easy chaise, he made the trip, as was not uncommon in those days, by private conveyance. He was riding slowly along a winding road, on the third morning of his journey, when his attention was forced from the beauties of the scenery to the strange behavior of an old horse confined in a pasture by the roadside. The creature seemed bent on attracting the clergyman's notice; it pranced, snorted, and beat the fence with its fore feet, keeping all the time in line with the slowly moving chaise. Wondering a little as to the cause of such singular conduct, the clergyman drove along to the end of the pasture, and then turned from it down a road which branched off in an opposite direction. As he did so, he was startled by a cry of such human agony from the poor creature in the pasture that he instantly stopped his horse and looked back. There, at the corner of the fence she stood, her neck thrust despairingly forward, trembling in every muscle of her body, her eyes fixed on him with an expression of utter helpless misery, which strangely moved the tender-hearted clergyman. He now discovered that the head and face of the animal bore a marked resemblance to his lost Diana. Impressed by the likeness, he obeyed a sudden impulse, and drove rapidly back to the farm house near the pasture, where he found the farmer just getting up from his 12 o'clock dinner.

"Friend," said the clergyman, "is that your horse in the field yonder?"

"Yes, the mare's mine. I've had her about twenty years."

"Twenty years! May I ask where you got her, friend?"

"I bought her of a peddler who cheated my wife on a gingham gown, but he didn't cheat me on that horse."

"Diana! as sure as I'm alive!" cried the clergyman, starting excitedly for the pasture, followed by the astonished farmer. He entered the field and the moment the old mare caught sight of him she rushed wildly forward, snorting with delight. Old and faded, rough and lame, the clergyman still unmistakably recognized his lost beauty; and oh, the joy of Diana! Tenderly she licked her master's hand and face, lovingly nestled her head upon his shoulder, and at last with something of her old coquettish ways, took the rim of his hat daintily between her teeth, lifted it from his head, and replaced it hind side before..

"Never saw her do that before!" cried the farmer

It was a trick which the clergyman himself had taught her, and which she had remembered during their twenty years of separation to practice once more for her beloved master.

The farmer consented to part with Diana for a small sum and she was welcomed back to her old home amid general rejoicing. There she lived, tenderly cared for, several years, and there she died a painless death, expending her last breath in a vain attempt to lick her master's hand.—*From ,Our Dumb Animals*

True Generosity.

A charming story of the late Queen of England vouched for by Mr. A. F. Story, is told in the "Childhood of Queen Victoria." It is so consistent with the queen's known kindness of heart that it speaks for its own truth.

The Princess Victoria had set her heart on buying a doll she had seen in a shop window; but her mother, the Duchess of Kent, would not let her buy it until her next allowance of pocket-money was due.

At last the day came, and the princess hurried to the shop, paid over the six bright shillings, and got the long-coveted doll.

On coming out of the shop with her treasure in her arms, the princess encountered a wretchedly miserable tramp, who plucked up courage enough to ask for help. The princess hesitated a moment; then, realizing that she no longer had any money left for the man, she returned to the shopkeeper and gave him back the doll. He gave her the six shillings, promising also to keep the doll for her for a few days.

Then the little lady hurried out of the shop and thrust the whole of the money into the hands of the beggar.—*Youth's Companion.*

The reformer must ever light the torch of his own inspiration. His own hand must ever guard the sacred flame as he moves steadily forward on his lonely way.—*William George Jordan.*

Every famous life is raised upon the lives of others, as a Venetian palace rests upon the piles beneath the water. *Ian Maclaren.*

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

To the Dying Year.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee.
Fresh from the hand of God! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ah, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Lo! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well!

—*John G. Whittier.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—UNITY welcomes the Rev. W. H. Ramsay, recently of Kansas City, to the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky. He was installed into his new tasks on Tuesday evening, December the 16th. Mr. Ramsay enters into a great possibility. He believes in the higher propaganda, the synthesis of sociological and civic interests. The old Unitarian propaganda against Trinitarian dogmas and irrational principles concerning Jesus and God is practically over with. It is void of inspiration. The era of schism is past. The era of combinations, reconciliations, better understandings and mutual worship and service is coming.

Foreign Notes.

NOTES ON SOME FOREIGN MUSEUMS.—After his visit to the museums and kindred scientific institutions of the eastern United States in 1899—a visit which afforded him some surprises and more of interest and value than he had really anticipated—Dr. A. B. Meyer, director of the Zoological, Anthropological, Ethnographical Museum at Dresden, was desirous to revisit some of the old-world museums and to make acquaintance with the principal newer ones which he had not seen. This, he felt, would give him a fairer standard of comparison for what he had seen over here, as well as fresh contributions to the solution of the problems of his own institution. Pausing therefore in the preparation of his American report, of which only his observations in New York state and in Chicago have yet been given to the public, he made, in the fall of 1901, a rapid survey of the most noteworthy museums of Great Britain and Ireland, Paris, Brussels and Hanover, and issued his notes on the same not long since in the regular series of his Museum's publications.

While these institutions are treated from the standpoint of the specialist and connoisseur and naturally much less fully than the less widely known American ones, the report, with its many illustrations, is not without interest to the general reader. Beginning with London and the British Museum, the Natural History Department receives first attention. This outranks all museums of its class so far as contents are concerned, but is found open to criticism as to its building and various other details. One interesting feature of this building is the great use made of terra-cotta in special designs by way of ornamentation for both exterior and interior. The zoological section, for example, is adorned with forms of animals and creatures now living; the paleontological with those now extinct. The collections are open daily from morning till night, a provision which to Dr. Meyer seems scarcely justified by the attendance. Here and elsewhere in this report he makes a great point of the injurious effects and the inevitable deterioration of valuable collections from being constantly exposed to the light as is the general custom in England and America.

The utterly unrivaled feature of the Natural History Department of the British Museum is its remarkable series of catalogues, comprising more than 200 volumes, with thousands of plates. This is not merely a list of the contents of the Museum, but a series of descriptive monographs covering all known species, whether specimens are to be found in the Museum or not, and the number of those which it does not contain is extremely small.

It is probably the British Museum on Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, that is best known to the ordinary traveler, for here are the famous library and the Greek and Roman collections. In connection with this part of the Museum Dr. Meyer discusses the *Trinkgeld*, or fee question. Taking of fees by the museum attendants is forbidden under penalty of discharge, a regulation which the German director thinks could hardly be enforced in his country. Bad as the custom is of fee-taking, he prefers it on the whole to the boxes, with or without the label "For voluntary offering" that one sometimes sees in such places. He would like to see both done away with and the English placard forbidding the giving of fees put up, at the same time he thinks one is generally better served and better informed in the countries where fees are customary than where they are not.

The absence of spittoons in all departments of the British Museum is noted in comparison with usages elsewhere, and, as in his Chicago report, America has the credit of going further than most countries in the direction of checking public expectoration by fines.

In regard to the size of the British Museum Library, he says, most mistaken impressions are current, it being generally supposed that the National Library in Paris is the largest in the world, with a collection of some 3,000,000 volumes, that the British Museum ranks second, with over 2,000,000, followed by the Royal Library at Berlin, with 1,000,000. As a matter of fact, the British Museum Library is the richest, having between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 volumes, including half a million serials and over 30,000 different periodicals exclusive of newspapers. The number of readers, however, is relatively small.

Of collections to be seen in London, South Kensington Museum, National Gallery, Kew Gardens and others, receive more or less extended notice.

Passing to Oxford, the Pitt-Rivers Ethnographical collection receives especial notice for its exceptional arrangement. As a rule ethnographical museums have a geographical arrangement; natural history museums, a classified. The only important exceptions are the Pitt-Rivers in the first class, and the Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., in the second. Dr. Meyer found this new arrangement of a large ethnographical collection extremely fascinating and one that opened rich possibilities in the way of comparative and historical study, but he thinks it needs supplementing by the geographical arrangement as well and that only a museum as large as that at Berlin could afford to carry out the dual arrangement.

In grimy, smoky Manchester he is forced into some sociological reflections and finds his special investigations rather overshadowed and embittered by the great human problem. So much so that he quotes at length from L. C. Horsfall, a citizen of Manchester who is striving with tongue and pen to better the conditions. This gentleman says: "I do not think that in any other country so large a part of the race has been brought in stature and general build so far below the normal stature and build of the race as has been the case in East and South London and in the poorer parts of all our large towns; while the continued prevalence of drinking and licentiousness, and the rapid spread of betting and gambling show that the average mental and moral state is no better than the physical. . . . The vast Roman Empire fell for lack of men and the vaster British Empire, however numerous the British people may be, must also fall for want of men, if we continue to allow the health of the bodies, brains and hearts of the people of our towns to be sapped as they are now being sapped in a great part of Manchester." In another passage quoted this same Englishman says: "Ever since I went abroad for the first time after reaching manhood I have felt convinced that, whatever other reasons there may be for our not being loved, the light apparently thrown on the true nature of the belief which England professes to hold that she is the great civilizer of the world, by what the greater part of London is and what Manchester and all our other large manufacturing towns are, and are allowed by the well-to-do classes in this, the richest country in the world, to continue to be, is in itself sufficient reason for our not being loved or respected; and for our being regarded as the nation which is of all the most wishful to deceive itself and others."

The Manchester Museum in Owens College, the Municipal Technical School and the John Rylands Library are the prin-

cipal institutions noted in Manchester. The fine new building of the Technical School receives special commendation for its artistic use of glazed brick both without and within. The ventilation, too, is especially noted as that seen in Chicago (the Plenum system), which consists in allowing only purified, steamed and warmed air to have access to the building; the only right and proper system for museums. In the Manchester school, however, the windows can be opened, and without, it is claimed, admitting any unpurified air because the pressure of the air within the building is greater that that without.

In the John Rylands Library most of the books are kept in handsome closed cases, where, however, it is found that they mildew. This Dr. Meyer attributes to the fact that the building was occupied before it was dry, and that it is not dry yet, rather than to the use of closed cases. He cites experiences pro and con as to the effect of closed cases on books and specimens, inclining to the opinion that they do not of themselves promote mildew, but admitting that the question can hardly be regarded as settled. This memorial building, a gift to the city, was constructed only twelve years ago on lines which do not admit of its enlargement, and it is already overcrowded. The main part of the book collection is the "Althorp Library," formerly owned by Earl Spencer.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool and Dublin were also visited and their buildings, old and new, find varied representation in plans and views as well as text.

Of the Zoological Museum in Paris, whose new building was erected in 1889, Dr. Meyer says, here, as in many another building, one may see how not to do it. The library of St. Genevieve, of course, reminds him of the Boston Public Library, but he thinks it unjust to call the latter design a plagiarism.

Paris institutions being so widely known are on the whole passed over lightly, but the traveler cannot forbear a word of comparison on the transition from England to the French capital. To him "the lower classes in the great cities of the Island Kingdom seem more miserable and degenerate, their outward bearing more repellent, further from enlightenment and humanity. They certainly enjoy life less. If one compares the French gayety and enjoyment of life in the streets of Paris merely with that of the English in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and elsewhere, the contrast is that between night and day. If the modern civilization which commerce and manufactures have created leads us whither it has led in England, it is certainly a pitiable sidetrack, which can throw us back into barbarism."

The new building of the Royal Natural History Museum in Brussels is highly commended, but limits of space forbids further extracts from a report which is rich in varied suggestions.

M. E. H.

"And if in thy life on earth,
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hillside,
Thou canst cause a thought of peace,
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst;
Spare not thy hand, my child;
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow."

—*George Macdonald.*

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